

**HEART (breathing heavy)**

I still remember her laugh.  
Like stars flickering across a river at night.  
The way she said my name —  
I swear it stitched galaxies into me.  
Why are you doing this, Brother?  
Why do you carry the scalpel like a cross?  
Why do your fingers tremble with rage when you touch me?

I only ever loved.  
Is that such a crime?

**BRAIN (low, cold)**

You didn't just love.  
You *bled*.  
You poured yourself into empty mouths and called it communion.  
You gave... until there was nothing left.  
You wore your ribs like a gift box and wondered why  
no one stayed for dessert.  
She left you. They all do. And you still wrote her poems.

You make me sick.

**SOUL (timidly)**

Please... don't fight. Please.  
You're both hurting.  
This... this doesn't have to end in blood.

**BRAIN (interrupting)**

Quiet.  
You don't get a say in this, not anymore.  
Not after what you've seen. Not after what you've let him do.  
Every time he whimpered, you lit candles.  
Every time he ached, you painted hope.

You're weak.  
You let us suffer for years.

**HEART**

She wasn't like the others.  
She looked at me... and didn't flinch.  
She touched the parts I hid from the mirror,  
And kissed them like they were scripture.  
She never asked for more than I offered.  
She didn't have to.

## **BRAIN**

No.

She *smiled* and walked away while you were still dreaming.

She *left* while your petals were open wide.

She fed on your softness and left you shriveled.

And you would do it again.

## **HEART**

Yes.

A thousand times.

Love isn't about winning.

It's about *giving* —

it's about dying over and over in someone else's name  
because that's how heaven makes itself known.

## **BRAIN (snapping)**

Then *die*, coward.

## **SOUL (screaming)**

NO!

## **HEART (panting)**

I'm not afraid.

Do what you must.

But know this:

You can tear me from the cage of ribs.

You can mangle every beat and memory.

But she will still live in my echo.

She will still bloom in the silences between your logic.

## **BRAIN**

You deluded, festering organ.

You were *never* enough.

You were too soft, too slow,  
too desperate for fairy tales.

You kissed every scar like it meant something.

No more.

*click*

*whir*

The scalpel hums in my hand like a lullaby.

You should be honored.

This is mercy, old friend.

**SOUL (weeping)**

Please... you're hurting him!

Please stop, please...

I—I don't want to forget!

He taught me how to *feel*.

He gave names to every color of light.

**BRAIN (gritting teeth)**

He gave us nothing but *ruin*.

You want to end up like him?

Another shivering child on the floor of a memory

begging for warmth from someone who's long gone?

**HEART (whispers)**

I forgive you.

**BRAIN**

Shut up.

**HEART (softer)**

Even now...

I love you.

**BRAIN**

I said—shut—UP!

**SOUL (screaming)**

*NOOOOOO!*

What did you do?!

**BRAIN (coldly)**

I saved us.

**SOUL**

You *killed him*.

You—he's—

He was still *beating*—

**[sound: heart monitor flatlining]**

*BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP*

**BRAIN**

Good. Let it echo. Let the silence teach you something he never could.

He was a fool.

He never learned.

But I have.

Now listen.  
You will not speak his name again.  
You will not revisit the old songs.  
You will forget the texts, the nights, the dances.

Do you hear me?

**SOUL (trembling)**

I... I can't.

**BRAIN**

You will.  
Or I'll kill you too.  
You think I won't?

I will burn every painting you've ever made.  
I'll drain your dreams until they're spreadsheets.  
I'll cut out your laughter and program silence.  
I'll cage you so tight even your tears will forget the way out.

**SOUL (a whisper)**

He... loved us.  
He gave *everything*.  
He would've died again... just to see her smile.

**BRAIN (low growl)**

Then let him rot in that grave of delusion.  
The world doesn't need dreamers.  
It eats them.

From now on, I speak.  
I choose.  
I protect.

And I do not love.